

SIXPENCE

THE BEAUTIES



OF
HOME RULE:

BY

E:T:REED

WITH VERSES BY

MOSTYN T:PIGOTT

PROEM

When ev'rything's turned upside-down
And ev'ryone at random talks,
And through each village and each town
A darksome disaffection stalks ;
When those who in that island dwell
At no new change will be surprised
It seems as if 'twere just as well
Her songs should also be revised.

PRINTED *and* PUBLISHED *by*
DOBSON, MOLLE & CO LTD
ST. CLAIR WORKS, EDINBURGH
and LONDON

THE BEAUTIES OF HOME RULE!

The
Irish Harpy



BY E.T. REED

WITH =
VERSES BY MOSTYN T. PIGOTT



Arrival in Dublin of American-Irish Place-Hunters in Shoals.

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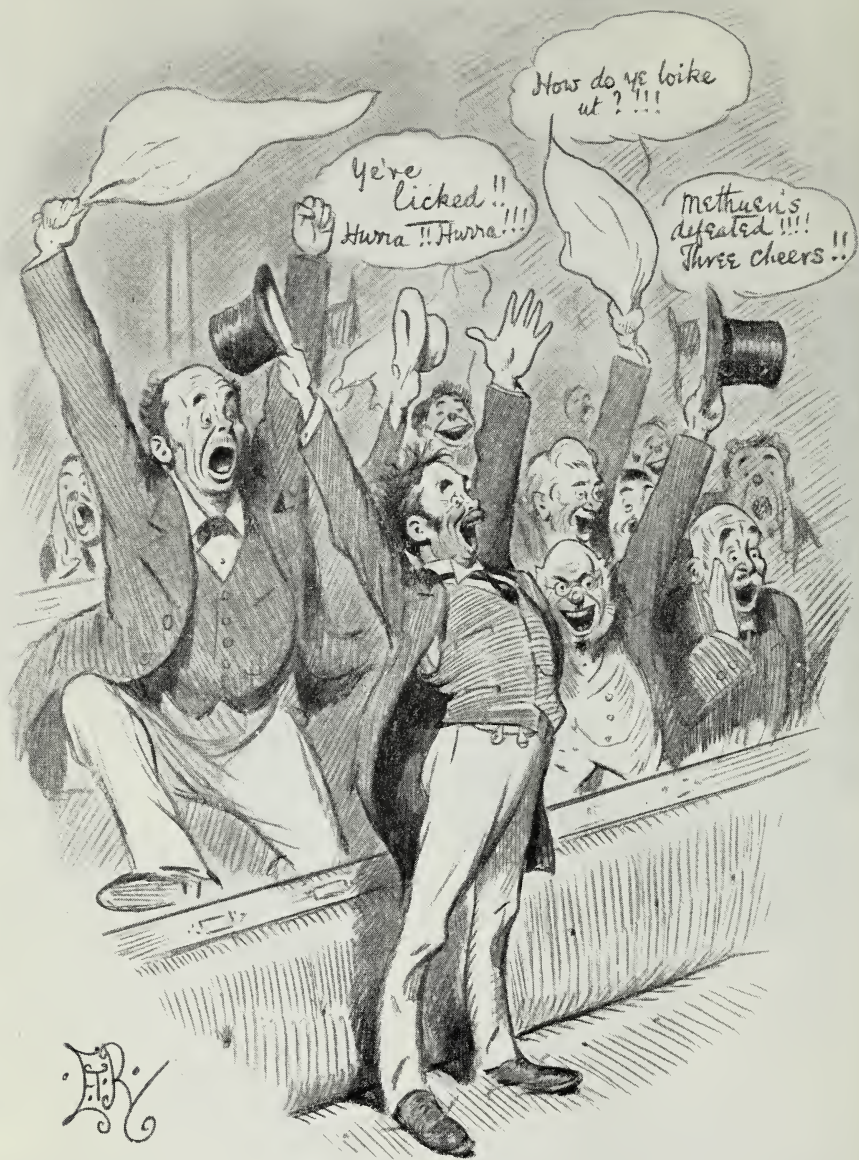
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Ms. A. 9. 2. 9. 1. 1. 1.

FROM OVER THE POND

Believe me if all those enduring young palms
Which are itching so sharply to-day
Were replenished tomorrow without any qualms
They would still be determined to stay.
Till the moment may come when the last penny fails
They'll remain on the cadge on the scene
And deep into the till they will dig with their nails
Which are hardly perceptibly clean.

They will still demand what they consider their rights,
And I think it may safely be said
That it takes an extremely brave man to refuse
When a six-shooter's held at his head.
For the limpet its hold doesn't care to release,
Since its business in life is to stick,
And their limpetuosity never will cease
While there still remain pickings to pick.



1900-1901

Striking patriotism and loyalty of the Irish Party when the news came of heartbreaking British defeats in South Africa.

THE JHOY OF THE B'HOY

Rich and rare were the damns they swore
When Britain her arms to vict'ry bore;
But oh! their cheering was long and loud
When Britain her head in sorrow bowed.

Widows' wailing and orphans' tears
Drew from their throats bloodthirsty cheers;
Britain was trapped by a stratagem—
That was the best of news to them.

Naught to them could be half so sweet
As the cable's tale of a new defeat;
Passionate triumph in ev'ry face
Told how they revelled in her disgrace.

Fervid love of the nation's foes
Is ample reason one must suppose
For Britain by just one stroke of the pen
To give them the rule o'er loyal men.



JOHN REDMOND'S "JHEWELS"

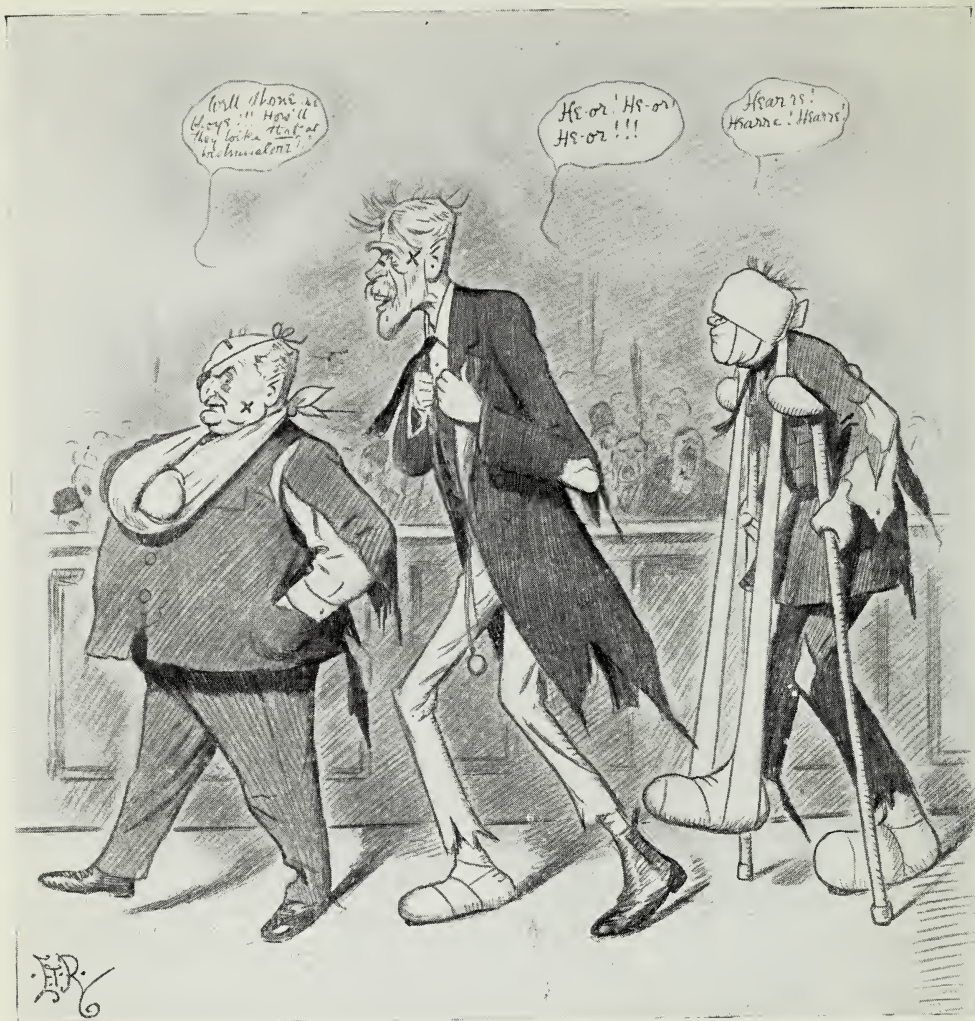
(The necessary Bodyguard, for protection against Healyites, O'Broienites, Dhevlinites and other spalpeens)

THE MINSTREL BOY

The minstrel boy to debate has gone ;
In his Parliament you'll find him.
Shillelaghs twain he has girded on,
And a pistol's stuck behind him.
"Wigs on the green !" cries the warrior-bard,
"Now Oireland is a nation
One finds the job extremely hard
To reach one's peroration."

The minstrel boy to discussion goes
But just as he is rising
A statesman hits him on the nose
Without apologising.
"Spayker dear," cries the warrior-bard,
"This seems on force to border !"
But the Speaker says he must regard
A blackthorn as in order.

The minstrel fell in the combat grim
Before his speech was spoken ;
A score of patriots fell with him,
Their heads all badly broken.
"Liberty !" moaned the warrior-bard,
While the Parliament'ry sketcher
Drew sev'ral pictures on his card
Of the Premier on a stretcher.



The Ghov'rnmint return to the House from the Division Lobby during a "Fhull Dhress Dhebate."

ORATORY'S HANDICAP

The sharp that once in Tara's halls
Voiced things best left unsaid
No longer shouts within its walls ;
To calmer spots he's fled.

'Tis fine for just a little while
In public to appear,
But what's the good of verbal style
When nobody can hear ?

The tow'r of Babel was a place
Which bears a weird repute,
And speakers found that in that case
'Twas vain to elocute.

And in the Irish Parliament
The fact is much the same,
While inkpots through the air are sent
With most effective aim.

A wealth of praises have been writ
About the spoken word,
But small use can be made of it
When no one can be heard.

Oh lofty flight of common sense
To trust such issues grave
To those who never made pretence
To know how to behave !



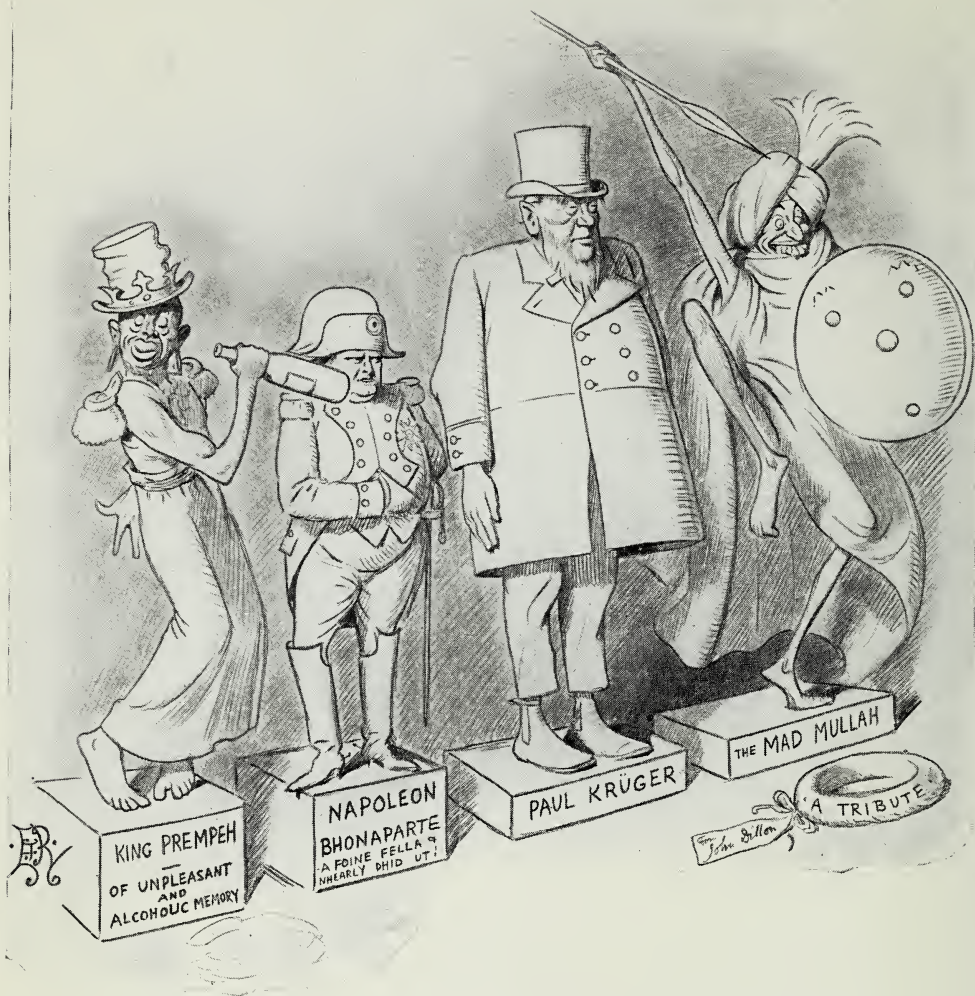
OPENING OF THE IRISH PARLIAMENT

THE VICEROY READS THE KING'S SPEECH

Superb self-repression on the part of the new Executive! (The two Redmonds, Mr. Flavin, Mr. Devlin and Mr. Swift McNeill showed an almost Oriental control of feature)

THE SOUL'S AWAKENING

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
He'd heard that the well-meaning Fates were repairing
Poor down-trod Hibernia's every ill.
He longed to display his perfervid devotion,
But soon as he came after crossing the ocean
He heard with a feeling of inward commotion
The King's Speech beginning with "Erin-go-bragh."
He saw the Viceroy in most beautiful raiment
Let marvellous verbiage flow from his mouth;
The North must be ready prepared for the payment
Of every boon to be gained by the South.
He heard the most wondrous proposals propounded,
Backed up by a whole lot of statements unfounded,
Until he exclaimed in an accent astounded,
"I now know the meaning of 'Erin-go-bragh.'"
It told of injustice intense and unceasing
To those who resented the new-fangled rule,
Unveiling most cynical methods of fleecing
All those who were not of the Redmondite school.
He said with a smile that was haggard and hollow
"It looks as if horrible things are to follow;
It takes an omnivorous gullet to swallow
The innermost meaning of 'Erin-go-bragh!'"



THE GALLERY OF NATIONAL HEROES IN THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, DUBLIN

Their qualifications are obvious. The rest of the corridor will be occupied
by other statues of those who have made things generally unpleasant for the
British Empire

HER HEROES

There is not in the wide world a vision so sweet
As our gallery grand at the top of the street,
For 'tis there that we patriots stroll up and down
Mid the statues of those whom we hold in renown.

If a potentate white or a potentate black
Has on Britain delivered a stealthy attack
Which has meant to her losses of life and of limb
A beautiful statue we stick up to him.

If a small British force is decisively pulped
Then our talented sculptor at once starts to sculpt;
There are heroes galore of this type to be had
From the Mahdi who's dead, to the Mullah who's mad.

It is pleasant to go on a bright afternoon
And in musical voices the praises to croon
Of the men who've shot holes in the infamous rag
Which the black-hearted Briton employs as his flag.

Not for us to mind much to what land he belongs
Or the means that he's used : he is righting our wrongs.
And to him who harms Britain by land or by sea
A fine place in our gallery we guarantee.



HOW IT WAS DONE

'HERBERT ASQUITH :

"Well! I flatter myself that's just about as neat and h'artistic a little job as you c'd wish to see!"

REDMOND :

"Begorra, it's jist a mastherpiece, so ut is!! Herbert my bhoys, ye're jist a jaynius at thim loight-fingered jhobs!!"

THE BURGLARY

By Killarney's lakes and fells

Ring the tidings loud and full ;

Ev'rybody glibly tells

How we gagged and bound John Bull.

Through the ages Oireland's sat

In her misery and sobbed,

But we've put an end to that—

John Bull's of his treasure robbed!

They'll no longer be oppressed

In that Eden of the West—

Blunderbuss plus blarney

Conquered him, Killarney!

John Bull's tyranny now ends

Since a mess of it he's made ;

By a batch of so-called friends

He has badly been betrayed.

Bound is he both hand and foot

While we go off with the swag ;

In his helpless mouth we've put

An extremely painful gag.

So he has to give them best

In that Eden of the West—

Blunderbuss plus blarney

Conquered him, Killarney!



REBELLION IN FAVOUR OF KING AND COUNTRY

BRITISH OFFICER (to "*Forces of the Crown*"):

"Men! our orders are to put down this rising in Ulster at all costs. It is 'ball-cartridge' this time, remember! In the name of everything (un)patriotic, I shall expect you, at the word of command, to fire— (*sotto voce*) and *fire high*, not low like that, or I'll break your necks!!!"

A LOFTY AIM

'Tis the last throes of summer,
And nearer at hand
The beat of the drummer
Is heard through the land.
At sound of the drumming
The loyalist cry,
"The Army is coming,
'Tis now drawing nigh!"

And as firmly they form in
Defence of The Right,
Not fearing the storm in
The face of the fight,
The soldiers advancing
In martial array,
Upon them are glancing
In no hostile way.

The officer's duty
He never may shun;
For land, home and beauty
Must duty be done.
The brave loyal fellows
He sees with a sigh,
Then loudly he bellows,
"Fire, lads, but *fire high!*"



TIM'S BODYGUARD—"THE BHOYS"

Mr. Tim Healy goes down to the House in comparative security,
thanks to the vigilance and muscle of his volunteer escort.

ERIN'S LITTLE WAY

She is far from a land where the leaders agree
And are fearfully fond of each other;
If one will not kow-tow 'tis unlikely that she
Will regard him as man and as brother.

There, for instance, is Tim who will not knuckle down
To whatever is said by his neighbours,
So whenever he takes a short stroll through the town
He had better be guarded, be jabbers!

“He sings the wild songs of his dear native land”
In a voice that is pungent and ringing
But the patriots show that they little can stand
Of the tune he elects to be singing.

Oh, make him a grave where the sunbeams decline
When they're telling of Freedom's to-morrow
If he goes out unguarded by rogues saturnine
He is bound to do so to his sorrow.



GRAND CIVIC CEREMONY AND NATIONAL FESTIVAL, DUBLIN

Expunging from the National Records the names of Wellington, Moore, Roberts, Wolseley and other miserable hirelings of that description.

THE NEW REGIME

Kathleen Mavourneen, a new era's dawning;
Of statesmanship now we'll be taking our fill.
The tyrant upon us is abjectly fawning—
Kathleen Mavourneen, what tarrying still?
Hast thou forgotten to-day we must sever
Connection with those who have erred in the past?
Their names we're expunging at once and for ever
And reap the reward of our triumph at last.

Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers!
Self-government means we can do what we like,
And surely you haven't forgotten the numbers
Of names which we must from our history strike.
For we who're adept in the maiming of cattle
Repudiate all who have served Britain's cause,
Who've captained her warships and led her in battle
And aided her learning, her letters and laws.

Mavourneen, Mavourneen, they helped her to flourish
Instead of conspiring to compass her fall.
What else but a feeling of hate can we nourish
'Gainst those who consented to answer her call?
Away to oblivion dark the stout fighters,
The lights of her poesy, science and art,
And substitute for them our stout dynamiters,
Kathleen Mavourneen, thou joy of my heart!



GREAT REVIVAL OF IRISH "STOCKS" UNDER HOME RULE

"Sticks, bottles, disused cats, superannuated eggs and other 'mhissoils' supplied in any quantity on application to the Irish Home Office."

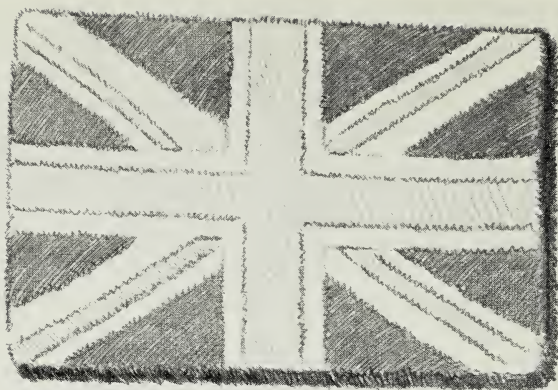
(Sir E. Carson, Mr. William Moore, Capt. Craig and Lord Londonderry captured at the Battle of Craigavon.)

BALLYHOOLEY

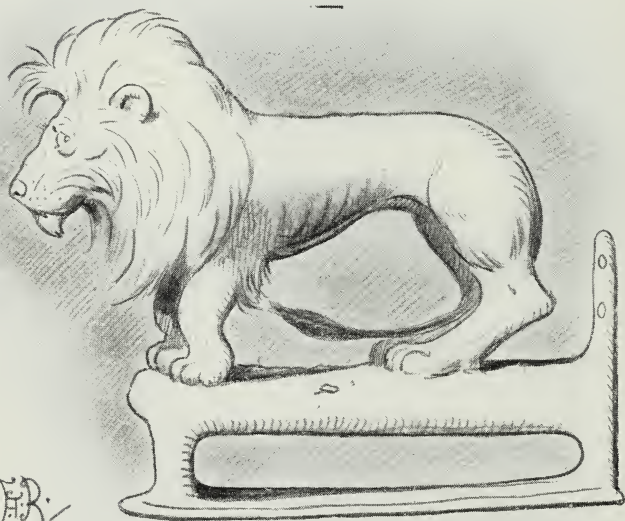
Come, ye merry Oirish bhoys,
Come and taste our simple joys —
Ye are bound to view our latest game with rapture,
For the Loyals had to yield
When we fought them on the field,
And we've been and made a most important capture.
Let your bottles, sticks and stones
Rattle gaily on their bones—
Good enough for them is any kind of missile.
Ye may shy just anything
For they've sung "God Save the King,"
Which is looked upon as shocking taste in this isle.

Chorus.

Whililoo, hi, ho!
Come, bhoys, and have a throw!
While Home Rule's around ye all can be unruly.
Ev'ryone must have a whack
For they cannot hit ye back,
Which is just the sort of sport for Ballyhooley!



DESIGN FOR THE DOOR-MAT
OF THE IRISH PARLIAMENT.



DESIGN FOR SCRAPER (DITTO)
(THE BRITISH LION.)

A SUBTLE COMPLIMENT

Now dear Ould Erin's free,
Kathleen Aroon,
What shall our doormat be,
Kathleen Aroon?
Now Britain's on the rack
Willing our boots to black
What but the Union Jack,
Kathleen Aroon?

Now dear Ould Oireland's free,
Kathleen Aroon,
What shall our scraper be,
Kathleen Aroon?
Now the Hibernian shoe
Kicks her and hurts her too,
How'd her old Lion do,
Kathleen Aroon?



“Captain Moonlight” calls for his reward for past services—“a noice little offus with a ghood salary for choice as oi’m gettin’ a bhitt rhoomatic fer noight wurrk.”

PROMOTED

Oh, Captain Moonlight, ye've a wonderful way wid ye;
Dozens of ruffians come out to play wid ye;
Out in the darkness they're eager to stray wid ye—

Ye've such a way wid ye, Captain avick !

Ye the heartiest merriment rouse

Cutting the tails off from innocent cows ;

Folks find your numerous

Antics most humorous

Since there is nothing at which you will stick.

Here's a health to ye, Captain Moonlight !

Slante and slante throughout the long night !

Kindliest crayture

In all human nature

And pow'rfullest taycher

Of Reason and Right !

Oh, Captain Moonlight, now the Isle you'll be governing :
Salaries fine you are hardly above earning,

And your new dignities you will sure love earning

When they have found a soft billet for you.

Though all your pitiless deeds in the past

Once set half of civilisation aghast,

Spite of crimes sinister

Ye'll be a Minister—

Ye'll have fine chances for tyranny too.

PROMOTED

(continued)

Here's a health to ye, Captain Moonlight !
Slante and slante and more dynamite !

Kindliest crayture
In all human nature
And pow'rfullest taycher
Of Reason and Right !



DESIGN FOR THE MhAGE OF THE
IRISH PARLYMHENT.

(A "Bauble" of a distinctly serviceable character)



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